



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2020 with funding from
Wellcome Library

<https://archive.org/details/b31869956>

The Anti-Nemo.

NOLI ME TANGERE.



No. II.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1832.

PRICE 2d.

“ When fools abound, let satire point the song.”

THE thunders of our ridicule have brought down a merited opprobrium on the guilty. But our arm was only bared for the fight, and STINKAMOLEE shall tremble to her rotten foundations,—abuses be dragged from their dens, and vice and folly writhe to the dust if we launch our Olympic bolts to their speed! The seven vials of our wrath are suspended; and wo be to those on whom shall alight the caustic contents. The miserable idiotism of the second number of the NIMMO,—lacking one atom of wit, or the decimal of a decent idea,—we should abandon to the disgust and neglect it deserves; but when we observe the paltry genius of *Frosty Faced Fogo* (Johnny), assisted by the dribble of his father's dotage—when a congregation of brainless and pennyless puppies use, through the medium of an *illegal* publication, to vilify and abuse hundreds of men, their superiors in birth, fortune, and intellect—to heap their brothel-like aspersions on a whole body of individuals, students of divinity, law, or medicine—and, when all this is done, in the very mawkishness of stupidity,—we *must* expose the kangaroos to laughter and contempt!

The *witticisms* of *Frosty Faced Fogo*, Poland, and Lunacy, being exhausted in the first mushroom abortion, the superannuated remnants of the invention of the hoary Christopher are brought into play in their *Noctes Nimmoenses* to endeavour to blacken the character of a man, his superior in every fraction of mental capacity? North's diabolical and fiendish struggles, in Blackwood, to traduce and crush the reputation of Knox to the earth, are over well remembered failures, and searing monuments to his imbecility and disgrace, to require our notice. Yet, in spite of the scorn with which those hellish attacks recoiled upon his own blasted reputation, we have the abandoned dotard,—through the medium

of a twopenny periodical, edited by the crab-louse capacities of his son,—endeavouring to stir up the ashes of his own disgrace by wantonly insulting Knox with the most malignant and *witless* abuse that ever bedaubed the jaws of a tatterdemalion costermonger. Such blackguardism as “*incarnate Knox*,” were it Fogo’s or Lunacy’s, we should notice no more than we would Johnny, or a toad upon a dunghill. But the dirty paw of the Professor may be detected in every line of the Billingsgate paragraph; and his nctorious jealousy of superior worth,—his envious temperament,—and bilious propensity to slander the deserving,—appear in all his writings with such a paltry expression of ruthless invective, that we can never mistake his vulgar and brutal attacks. His lines are traced in the very inspissated essence of concentrated gall. But a man like Knox, who has taken a proud stand in the foremost ranks of a scientific age,—who lives for a distant posterity that never shall hear of his enemies,—can *he* be bullied to the dust by the scurrility of an individual, of a city—of a nation?—No!—and his dignified and silent contempt of calumny, or the opinion of the ignorant, is another proof of his superiority to his degraded compeers! If—as we shrewdly suspect—De Quincey (so long neglected, to the disgrace of his country,) is to displace old North’s remains in conducting the Magazine,—if Christopher’s family are depending upon his pen for subsistence,—why should he object to supersede the *black-guard* at the college gate, and sell Johnny’s periodical, rather than display his malicious imbecility in such disgusting attacks, which can only bring mockery and scorn upon his once respected and venerated name. The Professor *once* possessed wit, and something like sense; but, since his lunatic flight on Windermere, the last rays of his intellect have flown to Blencathra, or, as his precursors, to—the devil. The glory of his cause has lately preserved him from perdition. Yet the Conservatives are too powerfully and lastingly organized in the heart of the nation to suffer much longer the appearance of decay in their loftiest periodical. Christopher is decayed! He has been a bottle of royal champaigne; but his sparkles are exhausted! New wine cannot be put into old bottles. But, to make a ginger-pop of his remains,—his son to make his literary *debut*,—his failure,—and his end in the Nimmo,—is sacrilege too contemptible even for North! As for Fogo, Poland, and Lunacy, their absurdities are at an end. A vigilant police officer is searching for their anonymous printer in the Cowgate, who will be silenced, and settled by a fine for non-attachment of his name (if he have one) to their miserable rubbish,—a fine which the sale of Fogo’s new coat and bright buttons,—Poland’s spurious volumes, or Foggery’s shoes,—will fail to disburse. Bridewell is a disgraceful alternative for young *gentlemen*. We recommend them to enlist in Don Pedro’s regiment of raggamuffins, where *courage* is no desideratum, and the pay is something more than a share of the profits arising from a sale of the NIMMO.

To the attacks upon ourselves we are totally callous; and the speculations and guesses, as to the *actual* editors of the dreaded and astounding ANTI-NEMMO, afford us an inexpressible fund of amusement and fun. Medicals in heaps have been charged with the *crime*; but the mystery continues. And we shall only satisfy the curious, by assuring their impertinence, that we are totally unknown, though knowing so many; and shall never be revealed to the admiration of the vulgar. Our genealogy is exotic,—our appearance among you fungus-like in the extreme,—our person peculiar. We sport mustaches and beard of a silvery hue,—our hat was the roof of a Chinese pagoda,—our toggery decent,—our fists a part of the pockets of our inexpressibles,—and we appear daily on Prince's Street, talking to ourselves.

REMINISCENCES OF A MEDICAL.

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN IN 1853.

Euhu fugaces, Posthume, Posthume, labuntur anni! My mother was a furniture broker in the Big-market, Newcastle-upon-Tyne; my father anonymous; and my school days remarkable for nothing but my propensities to crib slate pencils, tell tales, &c. and an unconquerable habit of wetting the bed, and wiping my nose on my coat sleeves; so that I gladly turn to the commencement of my studies, or initiations, at the ALMA STINKAMOLEE of "Auld Reekie." During the winter of 1831, I occupied a small bed room in Surgeon's Square, and studied under several then eminent men, who are now either dead, exiled during the civil wars, or reduced by subsequent revolutionary periods, to seek subsistence as porters, or bill stickers, to those very rooms in which they once crowed so loudly. Cyclops, with all his blarney, was the favourite teacher of the day. He was too good, too lofty, and wanted diagrams, so that his pupils fell off from him, like the leaves from one of the decayed trees before his rooms; and for many years previous to his dying, (from dissecting the vertebral column of a tape worm, on Cleopatra's needle) he lectured to a solitary student, half an assistant, and an old three legged stool. There was a man in Brown Square, (I forget his name at this distance of time)—I remember well Cyclops never could abide him. Monro, *Centesimus*, and the most disgusting man in Europe, his assistant, had a few victims. Sulphuretted hydrogen and his janitor, taught chemistry in the University:—the former was a man remarkable for pride, covetousness, shocking bad legs, and two old coach horses; the latter was the prototype—a kind of duplicate—of his master. The great surgeon was a man whose memory is immortalized in many a smooty song, as the most inconstant and libidinous monster on record. The rest of the medicals have all sunk into a merited oblivion—one perhaps excepted. He was an odd fish—they called the beast slovenly R——d. He wrote some trash, which no one would *Read*, about medical botany—was expelled the

College—became an old clothesman; and, during the rebellion, was hanged by his brother, a noted Republican, in Corporal Cobbett's army.—(*To be continued.*)

THE STUDENT'S GUIDE.

The College, a quadrilateral conformation of unfinished architectural rediculosities, stands in Nicolson Street. It has an invisible library, the admittance to which has lately been advanced from 10s. to 12s. 6d.; the extra half-crown to be divided or tossed up for among the *Senatus*. The books are in various stages of decay: some in a state of ulceration; others in the last stages of mortification; and many so abused, that only the skeletons or backs remain. They are peculiar books: given to take long walks; lay many months on professors' tables, and sometimes never return; so that an ingenious youth, after dancing attendance for hours on some long anticipated volume, is coolly informed that the same "is not at home!" which answer to his cringing requests, if convenient to the servants, will be unblushingly returned month after month. But the ingenious youths deserve to be treated as they are, for submitting to neglect or ill usage from professors, or librarians, or any other individuals who are paid for their labour. The library belongs to the students as much as to the professors, and why the devil don't they kick the impertinent, insist upon proper regulations, and pay those who will work for their money? But of this more anon.

The museum (which also belongs to the students) is *only* half-a-bob admittance! Here you may see a wonderful fossil elk, with his right leg placed on his wrong side, in the infinite wisdom and invention of some remnant of a worn out race of anatomists—together with other *natural* curiosities.—(*To be continued.*)

MELANCHOLY CASE OF SUICIDE.

The pseudo Lord of "Vallery," who has for a considerable time past laboured under mental aberration, yesterday terminated his career by self-destruction. The *hypochondriacal infatuatus* not appearing to his brose as usual, in the morning, his landlady, fearing he might, in a fit of composing, by mistake, have walked away without paying, instituted a search; but on breaking open the door of the water-closet, he was discovered suspended by his emaciated legs to the ceiling, with his poetical head down the hole! "Vallery," some works on astronomy, and other volumes, were half consumed by the bard, in his fits of hunger or remorse. A diarrhœa had supervened; and an embryo poem, with an account of some "*terra incognita* at the South Pole," were evacuated on the seat.

N——'s proposal for a public petition, to have ancient Pestle (old Practice of Physic) placed on the list of Chelsea pensioners,

entirely jumps with our own liver. Men are wiping their spectacles, and opening their eyes to abuses. Aytoun, the radical candidate's administration, intend clapping our ALMA STINKAMOLEE in the schedule along with Old Sarum. The tallow-chandler college-mongers will certainly be disfranchised, and the enfranchisement extended to the boys of Kilkenny! Students sporting a walking stick and two ideas, will be entitled to vote for the election of professors. Poor old Pestle! should they oust his remains, we can perhaps employ his cataleptic carcase to sell the ANTI-NEMO at the College Gate.

PRINCE'S STREET

Is the Alpha and Omega of the *Tradeswomen*, — of full-length portraits, employed to set off the latest importation of fashions, — of well-dressed students, sporting eye-glasses and cigars, — of bilious officers in marching regiments, and corporals and sergeants in the *Quadrupedes*, — authors of new books, — *gentlemen of the town*, — tragedians, comedians, guitar teachers, and vocalists. The *tradeswomen* strut up and down, like a peacock with its tail spread, to display the enormity of their busses; the full-length portraits, or band-box macaronies, for the benefit of their tailors; the well-dressed students, to smoke penny cigars, spit on people's boots, and emulate the beastliness of Jonathan; the officers, because they are unfit for any thing else; the corporals of the *quadrupedes*, to take the shine out of their marching superiors; the authors, to sell their books; the tragedians, comedians, guitar teachers, and vocalists, to be seen in the company of their betters; and the *gentlemen of the town*, to — borrow a shilling!

AFFAIR OF HONOUR.

A duel was fought yesterday, *pro bono publico*, on the top of Melville's Monument, between "a notoriously smutty howdie," and a minimum operator of the orang-outang tribe. The *wife* attended on behalf of the operator, and Miss — for the howdie. Bob was the medical. The glyster pipes were loaded by the seconds, with incomprehensible pamphlets; when, after repeated discharges, the operator received a shot in his — courage, and the howdie had his character completely blown to the devil. Bob, the funny monster, instead of rendering any assistance, put his finger to his nose, with a certain significant expression, and walked off guffawing. None of the parties are expected to recover.

TOWN TALK.

Gibson Craig lost his top-boots the other night, when soliciting a voter in the Cowgate. The radicals want an editor to the Citizen. He must have a character, and something to lose. Jameson spun out his small stock of wits in the prospectus; and

Aytoun intends standing for Billingsgate. Dick Lauder's promising son denies that he has any design upon the Natural Philosophy chair. The statement was certainly *unnatural*, as his last dog-coat affords him ample occupation to keep the buttons clean. The infant Sir George Atkinson is *not* in Morningside, and Black Kirby escaped last week. The assertion is incorrect, that frosty-faced Fogo bought his blue coat and bright buttons out of the profits of the NIMMO. Major H—— says his *Piece* is no nuisance on Prince's Street. Miss Danby employs twelve police in front of her snuff shop, to prevent the students ogling her so. Dallas says *he* wrote Captain Handsome's farce; and that drunken Johnson compiled the abortion, "Glen Mowbray." Jeffrey has not yet gone over to the radicals, and never offered to write to the Citizen for 6s. 6d. a-sheet. Lord Gl—m—s and Captain C—pl—nd will sail a match to Sillery's Island, at the south pole, in Lunacy's shoes, adapted as steamers; or ride to the devil, on a spider's back, for the public amusement. S—— is going to Borneo, to make some experiments on the *male* orang-outang. De Cock denies having purchased Jordison's second-hand top-boots. Swan, they say, was seen the other day entering the "Equitable Loan Company's Office" with a *pot de chambre* under his coat laps.

FASHIONS FOR THE TIME BEING.

Velvet, or other shooting coats, are quite a mistake: we have nothing but Jackdaws at College. *Felt* scrapers are *felt* to be disgraceful, when they *grace* the *Ratcatchers*. The students are not police officers: the lieutenant, the other day, refused to employ a reduced medical, alleging that he would corrupt the *corps*. Tartan pantaloons look Harlequin and *Pantaloons* like: they are very cheap; so are porter's hats, (*vide* Conway's.) Pocket handkerchiefs about the neck look very filthy. Gloves tell no tales, and don't require scratching. Brown straps and old shoes are no go. Incurables, who sport nothing worth spoiling, should never *come it* with old umbrellas full of sky-lights. Large cloaks, like charity, cover a multitude of sins. Hamilton considers his cockt-hat quite *the kick*; and the Principal fancies himself a hell of a swell! Hope should doff his tights, now that his legs are no longer *tight fits*. Boswell Reid and his brother are *Hopeless*. A subscription will be raised, and a bargain made with Mr Rutherford, to have Professor Wilson's hair cut. A close carriage, drawn by one horse, comes under Martin's Act against cruelty to animals. Boys should not be employed as livery servants: it is too philanthropic, and looks rather suspicious. Liston has a large class: he might afford a new coat. Blanche's shooting dress is excusable. De Cock's top-boots are very annoying to the evening company in the saloon, and don't look well to supper, when mounted for the purpose. Monro should allow Mackenzie his old wardrobe. Officers without horses should

never wear spurs; and boys, under eight years of age, look disgusting with cigars.

CHARACTERISTICS (*continued.*)

Dr ———, the dirtiest man in Europe, may be recognized by always carrying a half-chewed *speldring* between his teeth. Swan, by riding a lameter white horse, having a whiter face, and dozen hired pointer dogs at his tail. Underwood, by old clothes, a slouching gait, and his hands grown to his breeches pockets. Kinglake, by his emaciated dejection, and reduced appearance. Ba—r, by being the noisiest and emptiest in every company. Balfour, by a *diabetes* looking face, pigs' eyes, and a shocking bad hat. Lord Glamis, by a dog-breaker's coat, and a *sou'-wester* kind of castor. C——, the eunuch, by his silk stockings. Aytoun, the radical, by a snubnose, sinister eye, dirty face, and being left-legged. Jameson, by his walking as ridiculously as Stone, and staring through spectacles. The Lord Advocate, by a mean, mercenary, Cowgate, political unionist, kind of appearance. The Blackwoods, by an abominable smell of the counter. And their *factotum*, North, by a north-east squint of his eye, and a profusion of dirty uncombed carrotty locks.

BIRTHS.

On Monday, at Chimera Crescent, in a fit of lunacy, the imagination of Thomas Toggery, Esq. of a poem. The little monster is, we understand, to be called Arg'uillon, or the the *Tail* of an Aeronaut, a *monomania*, in three stages of mental aberration.

MARRIAGES.

Yesterday, at ——— Chapel, Rose Street, by the worthy Principal, Sulphuretted Hydrogen, to Mrs M—ll—g—n, late *cattle-dealer*.

DEATHS.

On Tuesday last, at Ambrose's pot shop, choked, by bolting a number of the ANTI-NEMO, the intellectual scourings of that famous high priest of the ranters and jumpers, Christopher North, in the 199th year of their dotage. Same day, of *Emphysema*, (prodigious inflation,) old *Ultra Ebony*, the Magazine Pumpkin, in George Street. For some years previous to his explosion, the Bailie became so enormously blown out as to be incapable of entering his shop, until he got the approaches enlarged. Latterly he swelled to such a baloon-like distention as entirely to forget that his father was a gravedigger. The Opium Eater says, he saw him, in crossing Princes Street the other day, walk over the Glásgow mail, knocking down the horses, and killing all the passengers in his way. Yesterday, at Chimera Crescent, of *hydrophobia*, Thomas Toggery Lunacy, universally bemoaned. He will be buried in one of his old shoes, (made water-tight for

the purpose,) in the summer-house on Parnassus, and a public death-wake held over his remains. The other shoe will be erected as a monument. *Exegi monumentum ære perennius!*

WANTED IMMEDIATELY,

A shopman, who can enter a door-way ten feet by ten, to superintend the Magazine business in George Street, the young Ebonies having all been afflicted with their lamented father's disease. The officers of the *Quadrupedes*, stationed at Jock's Lodge, want an eccentric vehicle, and a fast trotting donkey, to carry the whole *mess*. A preference will be given to one without wheels. The wheelbarrow belonging to the porter of the College Wynd was tried the other day, but found insufficient to carry the ballast. One of Lunacy's shoes, cleansed of its odour, by order of the Town Council, and fitted up by Croall, would cut a devil of a shine! The infantry lobsters want a *stationary* employment on Prince's Street, or a situation as soup boilers to Macgregor, having worn out all their boots on *parade*. Some of them wish to borrow a few sensible ideas, on a moderate percentage, as the *tenth* have none of their own. "The 10th never think!" "Knowledge is odious!" "Common sense vulgar!" "Reading is low!" "Studying lower!" "Students the lowest of all! the *ultima thule* of abomination!"

ELEGY TO O'BRONTE.

BY BURKE'S GHOST.

O'Bronte, Kit's bull-dog, is dead!
 Kit d——d the doctor; and, at least,
 The doctor's boys repaid the curse
 Tenfold in poisoning the beast.
 So Kit avers. If poisoning
 Their trade were, or delight,
 They might have dosed the master, too,
 I think, and served him right.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MEDICAL Nibbs is enraged; but he is miserably mistaken if he fancies the honour in our last intended for him. — Hilsborough's communication stinks of the tutor. Let him send it to his friend *Frosty-faced Fogo*. — Willis was right in having nothing to do with the duel: he knew better — Captain Birrell is a Captain of the Foot-ball Club, and not in the army, as H—— alleges. — It will be perceived that we have employed a more respectable printer, Shortrede having cut us for cutting his friends.